EDITORIALS—LETTERS
NEWS FEATURES

New York Tribune

FINANCIAL—REAL ESTATE
RADIO NEWS

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Abandoned

The Genoa conference has done great harm by intensifying the divisional spirit among the peoples which must co-operate if the general interests of mankind are to be served.

It has done harm by giving an evil propaganda a new springboard from which to launch itself. Public attention has been drawn away from study of Russian facts and a false importance has been given to artificial diplomatic negotiations concerning matters which at best are but secondary.

It has done harm by arousing the appetites of concession seekers and business adventurers who would pick Russia's bones and subject her people to relentless exploitation. What cares an oil man what sort of tyranny exists, provided it will divide profits with him and furnish a military force strong enough to protect the partnership in its operations?

But, more than all this, the conference has done harm to the helpless and starving people of Russia. President Wilson once truly said that the attitude of others peoples toward Russia would provide the acid test concerning the integrity of their professions. How does the Genoa conference measure up in this respect? It says Russia is in no way to be helped while a cancerous government eats at her vitals. Tchitcherin will go back to Moscow and be able to say to his master that the fall of this master and his system are further postponed.

Russia's hopelessness, already sodden and soul-killing, will more than ever say it is useless to resist fate. Did not the assembled nations confer together and deal with and thus strengthen the Bolshevist power? It is foolish, then, to dream of succor.

The American Relief Administration has done something of real service for the Russian people. The Genoa conference has done nothing—on the contrary, has more than half way recognized their enemies. Let it is the welfare of the Russians, people, not of any group of persons, that is of consequence. They perish and stretch out empty hands.

The sole reply is to make it more difficult for Russian patriots who see clearly to break the bonds that bind their people. The future of a great people is at stake. If the world cannot be with them, why should it be against them?

Mr. Polly Gives Up

Mr. Polly, with a verbal explosion truly Wellsian, disclaims further responsibility for the world. He is disgusted. Let the Martians come and overwhelm us. He will not raise a finger to prevent them. He has tried as hard as any man ever did to keep the terrestrial ball spinning right, but the infernal sphere wouldn't.

In his latest book (of course, not his last), appropriately named "The Secret Places of the Heart," he fervidly declares that he is through. "I'm bored," he makes a character which he uses as a megaphone exclaim. "Oh, God! how I am bored." He is bored by flags and sham enthusiasms; by London and its life, whether smart or servile; by theaters, books and what is called pleasures by politics, universal mismanagement, by France and Anglo-Saxondom and by German "self-pity" and "Bolshevik fanaticism," by Ireland, Orange or Green.

"Curse the Irish—north and south together!" he screams. "Lord! how I hate the Irish, from Carson to the mad Sinn Feiner." And so he involves in a confluent condemnation Egypt and India and Islam and popular rights and all things present and prospective. The only omission from the inclusive excoriation are American editors who interrupt to ask what Mr. Wells means.

Mr. Wells doubtless will recover. He has assumed too large a load and the strain tells on him. It is a terrific burden to take charge of all things, and it is trying when causes you have diligently promoted go sour and you realize, though you will not admit it, that you have been travelling the wrong road.

Me Calling Me

William Randolph Hearst, whose agents have been moving about in the up-state underbrush and discoursing around the cracker barrels while the ears of their chief continually rang with the strains of his favorite song, "I Hear Me Calling Me," has at last come out into the open.

The lightning rod no longer is folded. It is extended to full length like an amateur fisherman's rod. The Big Bertha checkbook is duly mounted, and soon will be heard its heavy detonations. The period of unemployment among indigent local politicians promises soon to be over. Field Marshal "Fingey" Conners is afield and has opened the dough-bag.

As a candidate for Presidential nominations, for Governor and for Mayor Mr. Hearst has been more assiduous than successful. Indeed, there is a robust rumor that on more than one occasion he solemnly has sworn off and vowed to himself never again to waste money on the greedy and the ungrateful. But Duty is a stern master. When it calls it tolerates no slacking. At this juncture the cause to which Mr. Hearst devoted himself while others were flocking to the colors must be served.

Moreover, proper punishment must be given to a person that fate has tried to conceal by calling him Smith. This man must be taught his place. So in the best traditional manner of the coy politician who is hot-foot for a nomination Mr. Hearst announces: "I do not greatly care for the confinement of public office, but"——

A Gross Injustice

Longshoremen and repair men who work on ships are denied the benefits of the workmen's compensation laws. Injuries received while on the dock may be paid for, but as soon as longshoremen cross the gangplank they are outside of state jurisdiction and must sue for damages if hurt. This is true of other landsmen also who are sent aboard ship while in dock.

The recent explosion on a freighter at a Jersey pier, resulting in the death of one man and the injury of eleven others, shows the injustice wrought by this discrimination. The men cannot claim the compensation to which they would be entitled for similar injuries received on land.

Eleven months ago the Senate passed a bill distinguishing between seamen and land workers on board a ship in dock but in no sense a part of the crew. The bill carries the specific provision that compensation benefits shall be restored to those men taken away by a five to four decision of the Supreme Court. Last January the same bill was reported favorably by the House Judiciary Committee. Since then, however, nothing has been done.

A vote by the House is needed. Continued delay means continued injustice. The Jersey City case should end further dillydallying.

Disinfected

Whether it is Will Hays or some other movie master who is responsible, the motion picture industry has been given a healthy disinfecting. Lately a particularly notorious young woman returned from Europe hoping to capitalize her notoriety, only to discover that she is barred from taking part in film productions.

Not long ago another motion picture star who has received unpleasant publicity was pained to learn that his "vindication production" was not to take place. The argument that the public have nothing to do with the morals of popular actors is not based on sound sense. There is an element among playgoers which tolerates misbehavior in celebrities which it would not tolerate in acquaintances. And there is an element among showmen which capitalizes indecency, knowing that people who are "talked about" will draw.

It is to be hoped that the producers who use the speaking stage as a vehicle for their business follow the example of the film producers in judging "talent."

Consent of the Governed

If the County of Westchester is to have a new form of government it will be with the approval of the residents of the county. The scheme to unite widely separated towns into a city government has been abandoned. Publicity stayed the hands of the politicians who were behind it.

It is true that not only Westchester, but every county in the state, with the exception of those comprised within the limits of greater New York, are unscientifically governed. Archaic systems of town and village government have been perpetuated. Boards of supervisors are chosen by local bosses and elected by voters who neither know the members nor care very much about their duties.

This condition ought to be amended in every county in the state. But the people of Westchester, in the opinion of The Tribune, are justified in their opposition to a city government which would bring thirty or forty towns and villages under one administration. That would not be the remedy for existing evils.

The plan for a city government was conceived in a private political council. The measure authorizing such a change was slipped through the Legislature when nobody was looking. This newspaper made the whole affair public and has been rewarded for its service by many grateful letters from people living in all sections of Westchester County.

Rus in Urbe

The problem of urban congestion is commonly discussed in terms of geography. Many persons to the acre is assumed to imply overcrowding; but scatter population into neat suburbs and everything is lovely.

This week in the little publication "Better Times" is the room plan of an apartment house worthy of examination. The plan won the prize offered by the trustees of the Phelps-Stokes fund and is taking form in East Ninety-seventh Street. It doesn't support the idea that to secure tolerable surroundings the city of the future must be one of magnificent distances.

The edifice is six stories high and has forty-eight rooms to each floor and accommodations for ninety-two families in three and four-room apartments, with all modern conveniences. Yet only one-half the ground, of 100 by 88 feet (or three-sevenths of an acre) is built on, though every room has outside light and air. Not allowing for streets, parks or playgrounds, nearly 1,500 similar apartment houses can be built per square mile and habitation furnished for about 400,000, with three persons for each apartment.

The city has an area of 285 square miles, or space for 100,000,000 inhabitants on the foregoing basis. If one-half of the area were assigned to streets and public places it could still house nearly ten times more than it now does, with every one having elbow room and ample space left for business and industry. Rather surprising, isn't it? A modern city is not intensively developed.

But it will be said that three and four rooms are not enough for a family. True; but it is also true that six stories is not high. Each additional floor would add a room for each of 3,500,000 families. Every one could have seven rooms or more, with three-fourths of the area beyond lot likes devoted to public purposes and one-half that within the lot lines used as outer courts.

Various private interests like to spread population. They make money out of the rise in value of cheap land. But the social cost of scattering is heavy. It means greater sums for schools, street maintenance and police and fire protection. It requires transportation facilities whose extra expense must be borne by travelers. It implies a time waste of two hours or more a day, and time is more and more becoming money.

In Europe the city suddenly stops and the country as suddenly begins. Here our habit is different. The luxury of urban conditions amid rural surroundings is doubtless well worth what it costs, but this luxury is only for the few. For the average person closeness to the work place is of supreme importance. Country conditions, grass and trees and the main delights of fre space can be easier brought to the city than the city can be taken to the country. The evils of congestion are removable without sacrificing the gains of a large population an acre.

The city beautiful, with broad avenues, shaded streets and wide-reaching parks accessible to all, is yet to come. It will come when the city is intelligent and has conquered the notion that one can use his possessions in contempt of the rights of his neighbor and of the community.

The country's literary taste is improving. No longer do we read Horatio Alger, Oliver Optic, Harry Castlemon when we can get stories about the Stillman case.

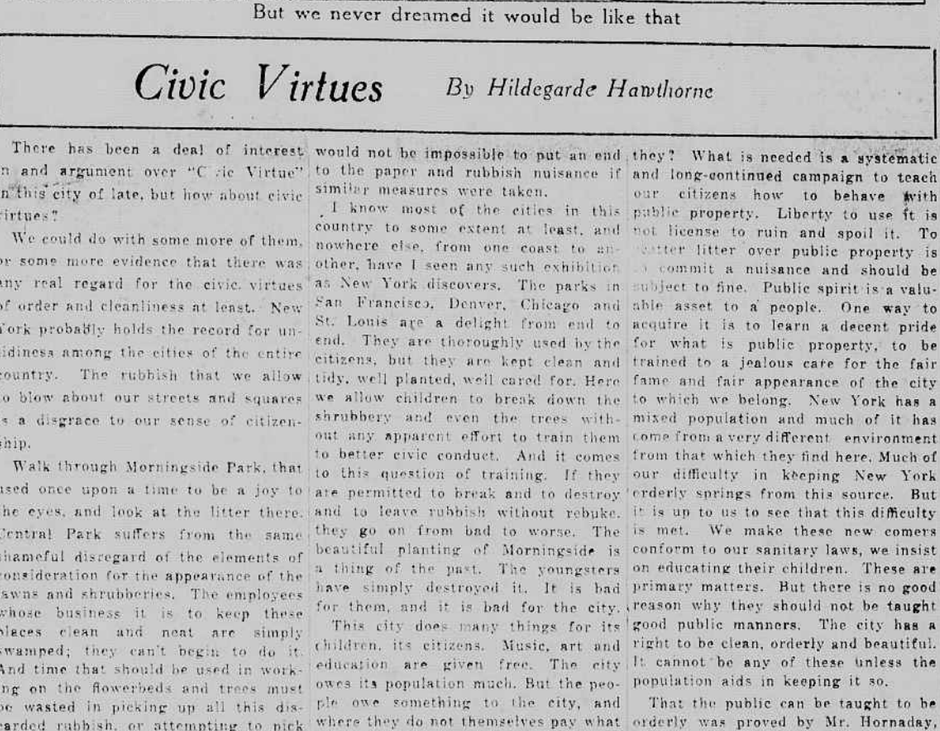
In the coming bout between Dempsey and Carpentier most Americans will back their judgment rather than their sympathies.

It must be shocking to an actress who has been misbehaving most of her life to find that misbehavior has no further publicity value.

Lloyd George was forced at last to heed Kipling's warning about a ruce with Adam Zad.

CASTING OUR BREAD UPON THE WATER

We always heard that it would come back fourfold—



But we never dreamed it would be like that

Civic Virtues — By Hildegarde Hawthorne

There has been a deal of interest in and argument over "Civic Virtue" in this city of late, but how about civic virtues?

We could do with some more of them, or some more evidence that there was any real regard for the civic virtues of order and cleanliness at least. New York probably holds the record for untidiness among the cities of the entire country. The rubbish that we allow to blow about our streets and squares is a disgrace to our sense of citizenship.

Walk through Morningside Park, that used once upon a time to be a joy to the eyes, and look at the litter there. Central Park suffers from the same shameful disregard of the elements of consideration for the appearance of the lawns and shrubberies. The employees whose business it is to keep these places clean and neat are simply swamped; they can't begin to do it. And time that should be used in working on the flowerbeds and trees must be wasted in picking up all this discarded rubbish, or attempting to pick it up. It is much easier for a few hundred persons to cover the parks with litter than it is for a few score to clear up the resultant mess.

Once the spitting nuisance made New York's streets, cars and public property generally an abomination. That nuisance was practically ended by proper advertising and by imposing penalties and making some arrests. It would not be impossible to put an end to the paper and rubbish nuisance if similar measures were taken.

I know most of the cities in this country to some extent at least, and nowhere else, from one coast to another, have I seen any such exhibition as New York discovers. The parks in San Francisco, Denver, Chicago and St. Louis are a delight from end to end. They are thoroughly used by the citizens, but they are kept clean and tidy, well planted, well cared for. Here we allow children to break down the shrubbery and even the trees without any apparent effort to train them to better civic conduct. And it comes to this question of training. If they are permitted to break and to destroy and to leave rubbish without rebuke, they go on from bad to worse. The beautiful planting of Morningside is a thing of the past. The youngsters have simply destroyed it. It is bad for them, and it is bad for the city.

This city does many things for its children, its citizens. Music, art and education are given free. The city owes its population much. But the people owe something to the city, and where they do not themselves pay what they owe they must be taught to do so. Otherwise confusion results, and the best efforts must fail.

The Fifth Avenue bus line has begun to advertise order, but it is almost alone in this work. Putting a few signs in as many windows announcing that such and such a week is clean up week is practically useless. It may bring momentary results, but what are they? What is needed is a systematic and long-continued campaign to teach our citizens how to behave with public property. Liberty to use it is not license to ruin and spoil it. To litter litter over public property is to commit a nuisance and should be subject to fine. Public spirit is a valuable asset to a people. One way to acquire it is to learn a decent pride for what is public property, to be trained to a jealous care for the fair fame and fair appearance of the city to which we belong. New York has a mixed population and much of it has come from a very different environment from that which they find here. Much of our difficulty in keeping New York orderly springs from this source. But it is up to us to see that this difficulty is met. We make these new comers conform to our sanitary laws, we insist on educating their children. These are primary matters. But there is no good reason why they should not be taught good public manners. The city has a right to be clean, orderly and beautiful. It cannot be any of these unless the population aids in keeping it so.

That the public can be taught to be orderly was proved by Mr. Hornaday, who insisted that there should be no rubbish left about in the Bronx Zoo. He had his troubles enforcing his ruling, and was much criticized by the sort of person who is always mixing up liberty to enjoy with license to be a nuisance. But he stuck to his guns and kept his park beautiful and clean. We can do the same thing within Manhattan and we ought to do it.

Old, Old Peonies — By Arthur G. Staples

Something sort of choked in my throat to-day as, once again, I saw the peonies coming into bloom in the garden, for peonies that bloom have mostly been planted by other hands, long since laid folded away under other blossoms. Grandmother called them "pinies" and they were her treasures, huge red "pinies" that she felt sure to be superior to any other that grew. They blossomed alongside the graveled walk that led up through the little garden of hollyhock, tall and gaudy, peonies as red as blood, and, deep in their hearts, the stamens of yet unfolded beauty. We brushed them as we walked and saw them as mere flowers. To her they were as gifts out of her store of God's special beneficence. She took them to church for the minister's desk; she took them to school for the closing day's exhibition; she took them to weddings and funerals and in the old parlors a great mass of them stood in a great blue bowl—pinies, sweet and lovely pinies, that gave her a certain unique standing in the community.

So, I see them to-day coming along again and I notice how little attention we busier people give to this historic flower—so old as to pass far back into history. Cleopatra may have worn them; other and earlier queens of Asia and Africa may have picked them and pressed them to their bosoms. Queens of the Ming dynasty may have dug about their roots in the long ago; for they came early from lands of the Mongols, the Tartars, the Chinese and all through southern Europe. I fancy that some early Puritan lifted the peony from the English gardens and brought the bulb along to add a touch of home to the rough world of Plymouth. There are peonies in New England so old that no man knoweth their genesis.

We used to know only the red peony. But it has no finer ancestry than the white peony. Do flowers chiefly take their color from the country—these racial flowers like the peony? The white peony came from snowy Siberia, where it was given perfume to compensate it for the loss of that superb and opulent crimson, that fairly sparkles like the deeps of old wine. The snow is in its heart; but the odor of roses is on its effluence. Do you know anything more lovely than the white peony, the tips of its petals slightly violet or pink, deepening into a suspicion of rose, its center of pure cream and shading into ivory? Can you fancy anything lovelier than these flowers? And so, admitting their perfection, can you avoid a sense of wonder as to why God made them, unless he intends us all to be finally built up into a similar state of beauty?

I have a peony patch that calls to mind those long since gone. These peonies came from my old home. They were planted long ago in that town by one most dear to me. I always wanted some of them in my garden. One day, unknown to me, some of their roots were brought up here and planted by a friend. It was in the autumn. In the spring they began to grow and when I first saw their blossoms, I thought it was a miracle. I knew them! Great white, wonderful, lovely peonies from the old garden! Immediately I set about solving the mystery and learned it from my old home. These peonies blooming so gorgeously carry, therefore, reminiscences beyond any other flower in the world. They speak of a line of succession far back beyond my memory. They link the present with the past. They call to mind a succession of Junes, dreamy and young, in old gardens, where roses bloomed and apple trees flung their petals about like snow, and lilacs scented the air, and where moonlight lay upon the old flagging that led through the sagging gate to the open door.

Alas and alas! How little we know what may stir our children's children. How little we know what simple thing may be our own memorial years hence. It may be a tall elm that we planted in the dooryard, a peony bloom by the garden path. Sufficient if, in some later day, when we are gone and nigh forgotten, some one stirs vagrant memories by recalling us through the simple flower; or stops, in June, to look deep into the heart of the peony, to see, once again, the visions of the old homes and old family circles which time has dissolved, leaving only the perennial of beauty in the flower and in the hearts of children and of children's children.

Laws for the Weak

Reply to the Question, "Are We Ruled by Timidities?"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There is no use trying to evade the charge of Hildegarde Hawthorne that we are ruled by the timid, but still the timid rule by right. It is a noble sentiment that man should conquer his weaknesses by his will, but, like all such sentiments, it must be read with some qualifications.

Because we are now passing law after law in an endeavor to shield the weak not only from themselves, but also from others, it is claimed that we are doing a great harm to those strong, upright individuals who, because they no longer need exercise such a great degree of self-restraint, are becoming weaker. We are told, in other words, that man-made laws can relieve a person from self-control. It is being said that there will not always be sufficient demands upon our moral character, because man-made laws shall take away this obligation and we can leave it to the law to take care of us. Worded this way, the folly of such reasoning is patent.

Man-made laws do not even pretend to correct or prevent some things. The only good a man-made law can accomplish, besides threatening, is to take physical charge of our actions, which it is very loath to do, or remove many temptations that lie outside of us. It is those things from the outside that creep in and insidiously smother our will power or take advantage of our plight that law can aid against. In this way man may be protected during those moments when he is weak, depressed, careless, frivolous, unthinking, uncaring or anything else that will lay him open as prey to temptation.

Who is not improvident at some time? Who does not at some time feel that reason is wrong? Perhaps there are some, but many are the other way. The very purpose of government is founded upon this necessity of mutual security and protection, and he who scorns his need thereof certainly boasts very loudly. Restraints and restrictions are not imposed for the benefit of the strong. They do not need them. They are intended for the weak. Those who haye fortitude will not be deprived of it by rendering life less hazardous to others.

The strong and virtuous should be glad to serve their less fortunate brothers, who do not know what temperance in anything means. If it is necessary to throw the child into the fire bodily in order to teach him how it burns why not spare him altogether and protect him as best we can? That's the purpose of these laws. Democracy means liberty, but liberty means a certain amount of mutual sacrifice.

EDWIN B. ROBERTS.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., May 9, 1922.

Spirit Pictures as Art

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Nearly all the skeptics have flung their handful at Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the ardent believers have applauded and many another has respected him for his obvious sincerity. The scientist has been called in to analyze the ghosts and the photographers have done their utmost (with only a nominal charge for their surprising services), but, as usual, the artist alone seems not to have been consulted. Yet one would think any kind of pictorial expression would find its best critic among those whose training has been for that express purpose.

No doubt communication is hard and the ectoplasm may be a difficult medium to model with, but the ghosts would interest the artist world more if the angel faces were not quite so conventionally pretty and were better constructed. A good many fine draftsmen have "passed over," but while an occasional orthography has been tolerably reproduced, has there been never a drawing with any intrinsic merit executed by other than living hands? A few lines made by a master draftsman would be more convincing than a ream of writing affirming an incommunicable "glory." Individuals have been known to develop remarkable gifts of imitating signatures, even before death, but the draftsmanship of a Leonardo, a Holbein or a Degas died with the flesh. The landscapes, generally "done in a few minutes" by the spirits, are so poor that we must consider the time wasted, however short.

The flowers also and the little birdies often look more like millinery than like nature. Will not some ornithologist come forward and tell us if the spirit birds are living or stuffed, or if they belong to the realm of human science at all? And will some botanist stand up and guarantee the flowers? Certain features of the spirit photos are really interesting, but there are also terrible gaps in the probabilities to any student of the arts, however humble.

STEPHEN HAWEIS.

New York, May 9, 1922.

"Daysav" Won't Do

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your correspondent who suggests "daysav" as an abbreviation for what is already a misnomer evidently has not analyzed the original phrase.

The whole plan of advancing the time is to make greater use of daylight, so that "daylight using" is a more nearly correct expression.

As for "daysav," let's not "improve on it," but rather forget it.

H. T. MATTHEW.

White Plains, N. Y., May 11, 1922.

A Week of Verse

Along Old Trails

(From Poetry)

LOS LLANOS

AGAIN, O plains,
I go your windswept ways,
With Indian, trapper, trader, pioneer—
Gray shadows all
On gray grass.

I am companioned—
Miracle most strange—
By youth
And its high dreams.

West, with the sun,
From rim to rim!
And then,
Beyond ken,
Tired miles of trails
On sod fresh trod.

So new
The billows of your grass—
So new
Your breezes, born each morn,
But old—so old—
The ghosts that pass.

HOPI SONG OF THE DESERT

You are so beautiful—
Like the face of Ta-wa-wis-ni-ma—
I cannot speak the words
To tell of your too-much beauty—
You, the desert,
You, the going down of the sun,
You, my beloved.
If I could hold you,
If I could touch you!—
But you flee from me,
As runs the deer,
You are so beautiful
If only my song
Could tell of your beauty!

BAREBACK

The winds ride bareback,
Swinging lassos,

Their reins hang loose,
Their knees cling tight.
The trees bend down . . .
Behind, rides the rain.

BURRO LOADS

What do you carry, O burros gray,
Heaped high with loads, at break of day?

Pinyon for fires, when days are cold,
And old men shiver, so cold, so old.

Pinyon for fires, when coals are red,
And brown-skinned bodies are blanketed.

Pinyon for fires—like a crimson rose,
Flaming, in camps by the early snows.

Paisano, niña, or señor bold—
Light for their souls, as bells are tolled.

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.

To Atalanta

(From The Bookman)

YOU, Atalanta, were so fleet,
Lend the magic of your feet,
Lend your rushing sandals slim
That I may outdistance him,

I would race with him, and show
How much faster I can go.

Then, when he, all wearily
Stops to rest beneath a tree,
Whisper to him that I will
Wait . . . beyond the furthest hill.

DOROTHY DOW.

Sonnet

(From Voices)

I'VE put my griefs away in lavender,
And made my tears into a rosary,
And people now need never say of me
That I am living with the Things-That-Were;
Nor need they fear that words of theirs will stir
Unquiet ghosts that might rise suddenly,
For some strange reason, I have learned to be
So placid that my eyes no longer blur.

Yet sometimes, in the very quiet night,
I could cry out because my heart aches so
From emptiness—there's nothing it can hold.
And in those hours I am filled with fright
At what I've done; for, piercingly, I know
That I have cheated Time—that I am old.

ADELE DE LEEUW.

Question

(From Poetry)

WHEN I make ready to go to sea
The prairie ways keep calling me;
And when from the deep I'd be sailing home
I am beckoned seaward by the breaking foam.
Why need my heart be divided so—
Going when I stay, and staying when I go?

FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA.

Of Course They Had to Visit the Invalides

(From The New Republic)

OF COURSE they *had* to visit the Invalides!
That was *expected* of them! Well, they went;
Exclaimed at the "stupendous" monument
In all the approved terms of the tourist creed:
They were the ordinary tourist breed
And couldn't help it. That is why they spent
Their best superlatives on the tomb and sent
Cards home. (Lucky Napoleon, indeed!)

And after they had seen the ribbons, flags,
Hilts that the hand of destiny had grasped,
They saw a giant Gotha, shot to rags,
On exhibition in the court—and gasped. . . .
They did not see the final stealthy rider
Seated there—the inevitable Spider!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.